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# A M A N A.

A

## Dramatic Poem.

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*Libertas, et natale solum.*

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By a L A D Y.

*K Griffith*

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXIV.

A M A N A

Drastic Poem





# P R E F A C E.

THE story of this piece is taken from the moral and ingenious writings, lately published, stiled THE ADVENTURER, Numbers 72 and 73. But the Drama, which was too much confined in the fable, has been enlarged here, by the addition of four persons, namely, NARDIC, ABDALLAH, FATIMA, and HAMET. For tho' NARDIC, and ABDALLAH (SANBAD, in the original) are mentioned in the story, they are not introduced into the scene.

Some other alterations have been made in the fable, in order to accommodate the representation to a British audience: the machinery of genie's has been laid aside, and the catastrophé brought to pass without the declared interposition of superior agents: the time and place too, have been restrained, to preserve two of the unities. Shakespear alone could *call spirits from the vasty deep*; he was himself a superior intelligence; could create beings not to be found in nature or fable, could rock ages to sleep to hasten his events, and *annihilate both time and space*, to bring the history of a man within the representation of a day.

“ Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,

“ And panting time toiled after him in vain.”

But modern wits are no more able to stride in Shakespear's buskin, than modern beaus to shoot in Ulysses' bow.

The

The moral, professed in the original story, is, *To shew the folly of human wishes and schemes for correcting the moral government of the world*; which sentiment is preserved here in a speech of Amana's.

O Nouradin !

Forgive this fatal rashness—Had I staid

A few short moments, we had now been blest ;

But wresting from the hand of providence

The means of my escape, we both are wretched.

But I confess that the reflections which occurred to my mind most strongly, on the perusal of this tale, were a tender and humane resentment of the miseries of those nations which are subject to despotic power, and an exulting sense of the peculiar blessings of liberty, that we enjoy in these thrice happy kingdoms.

The contemplation of this contrast, both suggested and inspired the plan of the following writing ; in which I have endeavoured to contribute my grateful mite of praise to those laws, and to that government, under which our superior advantages are established, defended, and preserved ; and however the presumption of this attempt may be condemned, I hope that the faults of the performance may be pardoned, as the first essay of

*A Woman.*



TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

## The Countess of Northumberland.

MADAM,

I Beg leave to lay at your ladyship's feet a work, which from the spirit of liberty it attempts to breathe, may hope for the honour of your patronage. Your ladyship's own character justifies this address, and the names of PERCY and SEYMOUR demand it. History is my voucher, and fame my herald. Liberty was their crest, and Glory their motto.

BUT such an heroic subject is beyond my strength, and I shall content myself with praising and admiring the more social and amiable virtues of your ladyship, your humanity, benevolence and affability; which latter quality is the characteristic of true nobility, ~~in~~ opposition to that haughtiness which is frequently observable in those who have sprung from obscurity—Those who are placed on an eminence may *descend*, but those on a level would *rise*.

IF

## DEDICATION.

IF this little work, the offspring of a female and unlettered pen, shall be so happy to amuse your ladyship for half an hour, it will afford the highest satisfaction to the author, who humbly presumes to hope, that your ladyship's candour will pardon whatever defects your judgment may find in this piece, for the sake of those sentiments it is intended to convey.

I have the honour to be,

With the profoundest respect, and humblest duty,

MADAM,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

ELIZA GRIFFITH.



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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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A M A N A.

A

Dramatic Poem.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

OSMIN, *Sultan of Egypt.*

NARDIC, *his Prime Minister.*

HAMET, *Aga of his Guards.*

NOURADIN, *an Egyptian Merchant.*

CALED, *his Slave.*

ABDALLAH, *Father to Amana.*

### WOMEN.

AMANA.

FATIMA, *Sultaneſs.*

*Attendants, Guards, &c.*

SCENE, *in and near Grand Cairo.*






# A M A N A.

## ACT I.

### SCENE, *A Fountain.*

*Enter AMANA, with a Goblet in her Hand.*

*Amana.*  AIL sacred fount! blessed by our holy prophet  
Whose precepts, pure as thy translucent stream,  
Cleanse the foul man, diffusing health and virtue.  
Frequent ablutions purge our outward stains,  
And moral laws preserve our inward pureness.  
But hark! a caravan approaches near.  
Quick from all eyes let me conceal my own, [veils.]

*Enter CALED.*

*Caled.* Damsel, by heat and thirst impelled, I come,  
To seek refreshment from this hallowed spring.  
Say, wilt thou lend that goblet?

*Amana.* Take it freely. [reaching it to him.]

*Caled.* Heavens! what an arm, a shape, a mien, an air!  
Such are the *Houries* promised us above,  
And why not taste our happiness below?  
She must unveil. (*aside.*) Withdraw that curtain, maid,  
To cure my passion, or confirm my wonder. [taking hold of her.]

*Amana.* Rude stranger, hold—

A 2

*Caled.*

*Caled.* Nay then, I'll do it for thee.

*[they struggle, and her veil falls off.]*

*Enter NOURADIN.*

*Nouradin.* Insolent slave, forego thy brutal hold,  
Or by the soul of my departed father, *[strikes him.]*  
This moment is thy last. Say, beauteous maid,  
Can you forgive this ruffian's barbarous outrage,  
Or shall his instant death make just attonement?

*Enter ABDALLAH, and Amana runs to him.*

*Amana.* O! let me hide me in my father's bosom.

*Abdallah.* My loved Amana! my last grasp of life!  
What monster viler than the wildest Arab,  
Could dare insult thy unoffending youth,  
Or force thee lave thy glowing cheeks with tears?

*Nouradin.* The slave who dared offend the angelic maid,  
Waits to receive his doom from her decree,  
And justice satisfied, too lovely fair,  
I hope that vassal's crime will rest on him,  
Absolving us from any purpose vile;  
Nor may the innocent atone the guilty.

*Amana.* Injustice dwells not in a heart like mine,  
Nor can resentment there long hold a place.  
To you, my lord, my grateful thanks are due,  
Who rescued me from brutal violence:  
That wretch's rude assault I pardon, also.  
Let him depart unharmed.

*Nouradin.* Excellent maid!  
Thy mind and body sure are of a piece,  
Bright emanations of the deity!

*Abdallah.*



*Abdallab.* If you from insult have preserved Amana,  
O! take a father's prayer, whose feeling heart,  
For every wrong she suffers, must drop blood:  
My age's darling! sole remaining stay  
Which holds my frame from sinking to the grave.  
O! could I see that tender lilly propt  
By fortune's fostering hand, or better far,  
Supported by the bride-groom rose, I then,  
With smiles would close my wearied eyes in death.

*Nouradin.* O! if the purest flame that ever warmed  
A virgin heart, for such is mine to love,  
Unknowing of its pleasures or its pains,  
'Till I beheld this loveliest of her sex,  
And gazed my soul away. O! if a passion,  
Which in a moment equals that of years,  
Can make me worthy to possess such charms,  
Accept that prop, that firm support in me,  
Whose circling arms shall screen her from each blast,  
Cherish her blooming years, and nurse her age.

*Abdallab.* Since heaven deprived me of its richest bounty,  
My lost Amestris, joy hath never once  
Pervaded this dark mansion: the busy guest  
Now fills each space, nor leaves me room for utterance—  
Generous young man! thy worth, thy wealth and power,  
To me are fully known, with gratitude  
I willingly accept the proffered honour,  
If my Amana's heart feel no reluctance  
To aid her father's wish, and make us blest.  
But should all Egypt's monarch, from his Throne  
Descending, court her to the bridal bed,

If

If her repugnant heart refused his love,  
I would remit a father's stern behest,  
Nor force my child to splendid misery.  
What says Amana?

*Amana.* My father's tenderness has been so great,  
That I have scarcely felt the bonds of duty,  
As inclination prompted every act  
Which might appear obedience; and in this,  
The most important deed of all my life,  
My heart feels no reluctance to obey.

*Nouradin.* Extatic sound! thus prostrate at thy feet,  
Let my full heart pour forth its grateful rapture;  
And by a life of love, and friendly care,  
Repay the happiness I now receive.

*Abdallah.* Arise, my son, and may our holy prophet  
With benign aspect smile upon your union:  
May long and prosperous days attend your lives,  
And every hour increase your mutual flame.

*Nouradin.* This day the mourning for my father ends,  
From Mecca's shrine, to which in pilgrimage  
I went, I now return; some Angel, sure,  
Hath led my footsteps near this sacred fount,  
And in reward for filial duty paid,  
Hath blessed me with an husband's happy rites.  
With her's and your consent, to-morrow's sun  
Shall see us joined in Hymen's constant bands.  
Meantime, to Cairo instant we'll repair,  
Where choicest ornaments shall deck my fair.  
Their rays inferior by thy eyes be shewn,  
Which shine in native modesty alone.

[*exeunt* Nouradin, Amana and Abdallah.]



*Manet* CALED.

*Caled.* May swift destruction overtake you both,  
 And if wronged Caled's means can lend it aid,  
 They shall be well supplied. Thou Nouradin,  
 Hast robbed me of this maid; I met her first,  
 And had a prior claim. Her childish coyness  
 Would soon have yielded to my free-est wishes,  
 Hadst thou not intervened; while she, right woman,  
 Preferred the fortune to the man. Nor yet,  
 Is this the worst offence; did he not strike thee?  
 And act the bravo's part throughout? A blow!  
 What tho' the chance of war hath quite reversed  
 My outward seemings, still my pride remains  
 As high, as when in Spain, my native country,  
 I was saluted by the stile of lord.  
 And tho' the Turk hath sold my limbs to bondage,  
 The inward man no shackles can controul.  
 My abject state restrains a nobler daring;  
 Therefore I'll seek amends by cautious means,  
 And may revenge quick animate my purpose!  
 'Tis said that love has wings—But vengeance still  
 Outstrips its flight—The Cyprian queen is drawn  
 By doves—The bird of Jupiter's an eagle.  
 On eagles wings my vengeance now shall speed,  
 And in my talons grasp'd these doves shall bleed. [exit.]

SCENE *changes to a palace.*

*Enter* OSMIN.

*Osm.* What art thou, pomp? an airy being sure,  
 Delusive shade! which fools alone admire,

But

But wisemen ne'er enjoy. Even substances  
 Grow vain, and mock the eager grasp; the mind  
 Sated, not satisfied with blooming beauty,  
 Lo! dull disgust pursues the tired embrace.  
 Variety's a cheat—Instead of quickening,  
 It only palls the taste; and sinks our relish  
 To depravity. The lowly cottager,  
 Whose homely wife, made coarse by labour, rests  
 Within his arms, feels more of bliss than I,  
 Who can command a thousand various fair,  
 To inspire new wishes, and revive my ardor:  
 But then it is submission, and not love,  
 Which prompts their yielding—They chuse not Osmin,  
 But obey the Sultan; while in full gust  
 Of amorous dalliance, I but feel myself  
 An happy brute, yet still a wretched man!

*Enter FATIMA.*

*Osmin.* Why Fatima, with ill-timed zeal and fondness,  
 Dost thou obtrude upon my private leizure?

*Fatima.* Blame not th'impatience of unchanging passion,  
 Which follows where attraction leads the way:  
 Tho' that, which once to me you urged, is dead,  
 Mine, like the fragrant mirtle, lives in frost:  
 Thy chilling coldness may destroy its blossoms,  
 But cannot kill the root.

*Osmin.* These strong professions,  
 Of never-ceasing love, sound like upbraidings  
 To my tired ear—I like them not—nor thee.

*Fatima.* Oh! do not wound me with such harsh expression;

But



But since my once loved image hath forborne  
 To mark its former traces in thy bosom,  
 Yet still, in pity to my sex's weakness,  
 Restrain thy speech from scorn. O! spare the guilt  
 To thy own breast, of stabbing mine with grief;  
 Yet leave me hope—the wretch's only solace—  
 And let the jealous doubts of slighted love,  
 And not thy stern decree, pronounce my doom.  
 Oh! suffer me to gaze sometimes in rapture,  
 Upon my sovereign's face; to hear that voice,  
 Which whilom used to inspire my soul with joy,  
 And ease my heart with sighing on thy bosom.

*Osmin.* Away—away— dalliance without desire,  
 Is lifeless sport—besides, it might encrease  
 Thy hapless flame; and I in generous pity,  
 Would quickly cure thy simple sex's folly.  
 Retire—I am used to dictate—not to argue.

*Fatima.* Since you pronounce it, I will go for ever,  
 A banished wretch, exiled of joy or hope.  
 But dread the anguish thou hast made me feel,  
 May be repaid thee in the same degree:  
 Love is a vengeful power, and will, I hope,  
 Repent his votary's cause: some beauteous maid  
 Shall yet avenge my wrongs, and make thee know  
 Worse pangs than I do now—if possible.

*Osmin.* Thy vain predictions, like phantastic dreams,  
 Vanish in empty air. I dare deny  
 That all the charms of thy whole sex conjoined,  
 Can raise, or pain or pleasure, in my breast—  
 Full well I know, therefore despise ye all.

B

*Fatima.*

*Fatima.* Then hear, almighty love, thy suppliant's prayer—  
If thou dost ever touch that stubborn heart,  
With bitterest venom tinge the piercing dart;  
Mix yellow jealousy, and fire-eyed rage,  
And may no healing balm his pangs assuage;  
Let him feel all love's anguish, all its pain,  
And may his fondest wishes meet disdain. [exit.]

*Enter NARDIC.*

*Nardic.* May endless days of never fading bliss  
Await my sovereign, may still ripening honours  
Bloom round his brow, and each day add new trophies  
To adorn his fame. Behold from Gaza's walls  
A messenger arrived, proclaims your arms  
Victorious o'er the rebel slaves, who now  
All own allegiance to thy rightful sway.

*Osmin.* 'Tis well.  
Now let those lofty disaffected towers,  
That braved the heavens, and me, be razed to earth;  
And let all those who dared oppose my reign,  
Now feel my vengeance. Is the city sacked?

*Nardic.* Yes, mighty Sultan.

*Osmin.* Then let its name no longer be remembered.  
But see, O Nardic! how the short-lived joy,  
Inspired by this success, like the swift glare  
Of lightning, is extinguished. Discontent  
Returns, and renders still thy prince unhappy.

*Nardic.* Where then may we seek bliss, if he whose nod  
Gives life or death, while numerous nations wait  
Attendant on his will, can yet be wretched!

Whose



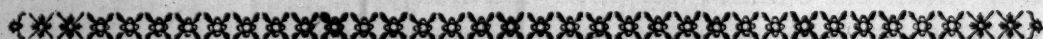
Whose every sense is gratified to fulness;  
 While all of art, and all of nature join  
 To soothe his wish, and court his appetite!  
 Our bounteous Nile yields all that can indulge  
 The smell or taste, of fruits and flowers luxuriant;  
 Our minstrels cunning in their harmony,  
 Draw forth such dulcet sounds as might assist  
 Creation in her work, and animate  
 The dust from whence we sprang. But, O! the last,  
 The best, the highest pitch of mortal bliss,  
 See the collected master works of nature,  
 The lovely fair from various regions fought,  
 Envy each other every partial smile.

*Osmin.* Avaunt, audacious slave! darest thou presume  
 To expostulate with me? When I have said  
 That I am most unhappy, think'st thou then,  
 Thy flattering tongue can gloss my wretchedness?  
 But wherefore do I suffer thee to breathe,  
 Thou abject thing, except to administer  
 Delight to Osmin? Then hear my firm resolve—  
 If in three days thou find'st not some new joy,  
 Some untried vanity, that may awake  
 My soul, and rouse it to a sense of pleasure,  
 Thy head shall pay the forfeit—Vanish straight,  
 Nor waste thy precious time in vain debating. [exit Nardic.]

*Osmin.* I have surrounded joy's capricious maze,  
 Yet cannot find the clue—Some demon sure  
 With-holds it—But I'll seek it in the pit  
 Of Acheron, or missing, sink in the pursuit.  
 Nor rapes, nor murders, shall obstruct my course,

Pleasures, like maids, must first be won by force;  
Of them too, when we taste, we soon are cloyed,  
And only sigh for those not yet enjoyed.

*End of the First Act.*



## ACT II.

SCENE, NARDIC'S *Apartment.*

NARDIC *Solus.*

*Nardic.* **T**ERROR, solicitude, and wild despair,  
Pursue my steps! Each moment seems my last!  
The tyrant seeks my life, and he must have it—  
Where can I turn to find new joys for one,  
Who has in vain exhausted nature's treasure,  
And plenteous as she is, hath made her bankrupt?  
Were he indeed a king, I might supply  
New objects daily to relieve his languor,  
And yield him transports beyond mortal sense.  
To feed the poor, to comfort the distressed,  
To usher bashful genius into life,  
Become a parent to the orphan's tear,  
"And cause the widow's heart to sing for joy,"  
Exalt a monarch to an angel's rank:  
But virtue ne'er hath warmed his earth-born soul,  
'Tis a sixth sense to Osmin. Science fair  
To him hath spread her lettered page, in vain—

His



His mind ne'er reached to contemplation's height,  
Nor felt the rapture of a moral sense:  
His pulse, his nerves form all his notices;  
His heart, his soul are aliens to his joys.  
I have sent proclamation forth, that he,  
Who in two days produce the fairest virgin  
To fill the Sultan's arms, shall in degree,  
Stand next to Nardic, be the third within  
This spacious realm. No claimant yet appears.

*Enter an Attendant, and CALED.*

*Attendant.* This stranger, mighty lord, earnest desires  
To come into thy presence. I have now  
Fulfilled thy wish.

[to Caled.

*Nardic.* 'Tis well—Retire. (*exit Attend.*) What would'st thou?

*Caled.* Let Nardic's smiles from out the dust raise up  
The lowest slave that mingles with his fellows.  
Here may my faithful service be accepted,  
And Osmin's arms be blessed with sovereign beauty.

*Nardic.* Say on, for lo! my ears are all attention.

*Caled.* This day the merchant Nouradin prepares  
To wed the fairest maid Circassia's plains,  
Or Georgia's vales have ever yet presented  
To the seraglio's of the South or East.  
The fabled Venus fails of her description,  
And those angelic nymphs which by our prophet  
Are promised to the happy saints above,  
But equal her perfection. Never sure,  
For vulgar use were charms like her's ordained—  
Our Caliph only may deserve such bliss.

*Nardic.*

*Nardic.* If that thy tongue, unused to flattering speech,  
Hath but reported truly, quick expect  
The high reward proclaimed—Nay more, endowed  
With all the active friendship of my life.  
Haste then, and bring this most transcendent fair,  
To bless my longing sight.

*Caled.* My gracious lord,  
Without thy aid our purposed wish were vain.  
Lo! Caled is the slave of Nouradin;  
And shall he dare to ravish from his arms  
The bride of his affections? Thou must lend  
The Sultan's power, which only can accomplish  
His happiness and ours: with that invested,  
Instant I'll force her to your raptured gaze,  
And prove that I want art to paint her charms.

*Nardic.* The royal mandate quick shall be prepared,  
And if our holy prophet aids my prayer,  
She'll answer to thy boast. Come in with me.

[*exeunt.*]

### SCENE, *A Garden.*

NOURADIN and AMANA *seated in a Bower.*

*Nouradin.* My beauteous bride, with pleasure I survey  
These dazzling gems diminished in their lustre  
By thy bright eyes, like stars before the sun.  
But O! that glorious planet moves but slowly,  
Stopping perhaps his course to gaze on thee.  
Were Thetis such a bride as my Amana,  
His chariot would outspeed the wind, and yet,  
Not equal my impatience for the night.

*Amana.*



*Amana.* All that I hear, all that I see, is new;  
 Yet not the pride of sudden elevation  
 Swells my full heart, but gratitude to thee.  
 These splendid ornaments, and this gay scene,  
 Attract my wonder, but inspire not joy:  
 'Tis he, the fond dispenser of them all,  
 'Tis Nouradin alone that gives them value,  
 And makes them pleasing to Amana's eyes.

*Nouradin.* O! were the flaming mines where diamonds grow,  
 With all of wealth and grandeur, in my power,  
 How poorly should I estimate the gift,  
 Compared to that which I receive from thee!

*Amana.* Too highly dost thou rate so slight a prize,  
 For poor Amana's heart is all her treasure,  
 There humblest duty, joined with tenderest love,  
 And grateful sentiment, shall ever dwell,  
 For thee, my lord, my lover, husband, friend.

*Nouradin.* Transporting charmer, generous to excess!  
 But words are feeble to express my sense.  
 Here then I make a solemn vow, that tho' [kneeling-  
 Our law admits plurality of wives,  
 Thy Nouradin's sincere and faithful heart  
 Shall never wander from Amana's charms,  
 Nor feel the power of beauty but from her,  
 The pride, the pleasure of his future life,  
 His whole of bliss below. Who dares intrude? [rising-

*Enter CALED, and Guards.*

*Nouradin.* Unmannered slave! what insolence to rush  
 Into my presence thus?

*Caled-*

*Caled.* Then know my errand. [*presenting the mandate.*

*Nouradin.* With reverence I receive the Caliph's mandate. [*reads.*

*Caled.* Can'st thou not read it? Why dost tremble so?

Arouse, and be a man—I did not strike thee—

Thou first bereaved me of that precious beauty—

I but repay thee justice for thy wrongs.

*Nouradin.* Ten thousand daggers stick within my heart—

Monster, Barbarian, Oh! [*drops the paper, and Caled takes it up.*

*Amana.* Alas! he faints,

Quick let me fly to aid him.

[*runs to him.*

*Caled.* Lovely maid,

Thy tender cares must henceforth be bestowed

On one more worthy of thy charms. The Sultan

In tedious languishment attends thy presence,

And we must not delay.

*Amana.* Oh! never, never—

This world hath no exchange for Nouradin.

*Nouradin.* Tear out my heart, pluck all my limbs asunder,

Wreak thy full vengeance on this wretched body—

But spare, Oh! spare Amana.

*Amana.* Nought but death

Shall ever wrest me from my love. My father!

*Enter ABDALLAH.*

Wilt thou not rescue me?

*Caled.* Observe this mandate.

[*to Abdallah.*

*Abdallah.* Alas! my child, it is not in my power.

*Nouradin.* Since wealth can bribe thee to an act of baseness,

Let it, for once, inspire humanity.

Take all that I possess—excepting her—

Thou can'st not leave me poor—

*Caled,*



*Caled.* Were all thy wealth  
 Trebled a thousand fold, nay were it more  
 Than even thought can number, for it all  
 I'd not forego the joys I feel in vengeance.  
 Now thou art answered—Quick prepare to part—  
 I will indulge thee with a last embrace.

*Amana.* They shall dismember me to loose this hold—  
 Oh! kill me, fir, and save me from dishonour. [*to her father.*]

*Abdallah.* Oh! my unhappy child, thy father wishes  
 To see thee dead, but cannot give the blow.

*Caled.* Come, madam, to delay your blifs were vain;  
 If you consent not, force shall make you happy. [*lays hold of her.*]

*Nouradin.* Oh! do not hurt her tender limbs, and I  
 Will quit my hold of her, and life together.  
 My loved, my lost Amana! [*they force her off. He falls.*]

*Abdallah.* Curst be this clime, and doubly curst its Prophet!  
 For whose false faith I left the only true;  
 At once abandoned heaven, and my country,  
 Renounced both worlds for my Amestris' charms.  
 O liberty! thou first, best gift, to man  
 Bestowed in Paradise—Nature's creation  
 Subject to him, himself without controul,  
 Except to heaven alone. Thus, thus derived,  
 We claim it as our birth-right. Yet, O shame!  
 Whole nations have resigned this right divine,  
 From heaven revolting, yet submit to man.  
 Albion alone preserves the blest Palladium,  
 Where every power of doing good is free,  
 And peasants may defend their rights from kings.  
 A second Eden in religion also,

In faith and practice purest among men.  
 Yet I a renegade to each advantage,  
 Tho' born a Briton, bred a Christian too,  
 My creed, my country, for a woman's love  
 Did forfeit. True indeed, my paradise  
 I have enjoyed below—But vengeance sure  
 Tho' slow, hath now o'erta'en, and my Amana  
 Is marked a victim for her father's crime.  
 Yet still, just heaven! If sin may be attoned  
 By deep contrition, weigh my penitence,  
 Nor shed the parent's guilt upon the child.  
 Oh! rather let me live while nature's powers  
 Admit existence, in that life be cursed  
 With pain, with penury, with every ill  
 To vex the mind, or torture human sense:  
 Extend those evils to my latest gasp,  
 And purge my apostasy with wounds and death!

[kneels.

*Nouradin.* Why did I part with her! Why not sustain [starting up.  
 The Sultan's cruelty, and Caled's vengeance!  
 Oh! had they hewed me piece-meal, what could they  
 Have done, but kill'd me! And I now must suffer  
 A thousand, thousand deaths! But fear for her  
 Unmanned my nature quite—For in the strife,  
 They might have injured her. There, there I died—  
 Torn from my bleeding heart where is she now?  
 Perhaps encircled in the Caliph's arms!

*Abdallab.* Stay that ungenerous thought—tho' born a slave,  
 My daughter ever hath been bred a Briton;  
 Nor will she condescend to live on terms  
 Which her chaste soul abhors—From earliest youth,

She



She has been taught to know that life is dowerless,  
 Without virtue : stript of that rich portion,  
 One lot alone remains—to die with honour.  
 Therefore believe Amana still a virgin,  
 Or no more—

*Nouradin.* Why dost thou seek to aggravate my sorrows?  
 I hoped Amana's heart might be at peace,  
 That wealth, that grandeur might have bought her smiles,  
 And left me only, wretched—Oh! 'tis false!  
 Vile treason against love! That heavenly maid,  
 Within this hour, declared she only lived  
 For Nouradin—Then let me instant fly,  
 To save her from pollution: this good sword  
 Lodge deep in Osmin's breast—or in my own.

*Abdallab.* My son, attend. A thought has quick occurred,  
 Which may perhaps, redeem us from despair.  
 The captain of the guards, his name is Hamet,  
 Was once a well tried friend of mine: honest,  
 Sincere and brave; strict bound in gratitude,  
 For services, no matter now to tell.  
 And if the modes of court have not erased  
 All generous feelings from his aged breast,  
 He will both pity, and assist our purpose.  
 Should he but lend his aid, I yet have hope,  
 Of rescuing Amana from perdition.  
 But, oh! he never felt a father's anguish,  
 Nor did his heart e'er bleed as mine does now!

*Nouradin.* O! lose not time in fruitless doubts or fears,  
 But fly this moment, and strong urge your suit;  
 Use every argument that thought can frame,

To bind him to our friendship: if my wealth  
Can buy his service, let him take it all,  
And 'pay me with one fight of my Amana.

*Abdallah.* Thou need'st not seek to press a father's haste  
To save an only child; for tho' no raptures  
Now fire my blood like yours, more generous passions,  
Rage 'gainst oppression, with parental fondness,  
Have made my heart as brave as his who dares  
The cannon's roar in battle. But my son,  
Know that the adventure is most hazardous;  
'Therefore with caution let us now proceed,  
Entreating heaven to bless the pious deed—  
And if we fail, I am prepared to bleed.

*End of the Second Act.*

\*\*\*\*\*

### A C T III.

SCENE, NARDIC'S *Apartment.*

*Enter NARDIC.*

*Nardic.* **W**HAT strong impatience agitates my mind!  
Would Caled were arrived. I long, yet dread  
To view this promised maid, upon whose charms  
Depends my life or death. Oh! the mean slavery  
Of proud dependence! How contemptuous seem  
All power, all greatness, which we poorly borrow  
From another's smiles! or purchase basely

With



With office servile, or with treachery buy!  
 Strange state of man, to be or slave or tyrant!  
 Is there no *mean* condition, holy prophet?  
 Are all then born for one? No way to blend  
 Prerogative with liberty? To poise  
 In equal scales, the prince and people's rights;  
 And make them mutually suspend each other?

*Enter CALED, leading in Amana veiled.*

*Caled.* Now let thy servant's truth be fully proved.  
 Behold the fair Amana.

*Nardic.* Her shape and stature vouch in part thy praise,  
 Her face I hope will certify the rest. *[takes off her veil.*  
 Transcendent charmer, dry those falling tears,  
 And let thy lovely eyes be decked in smiles,  
 To greet thy coming greatness; happiest,  
 As fairest of thy sex, I hail thee queen, *[prostrates himself before her.*  
 And here devote my future life, and service,  
 To the commands of our bright Sultans,  
 The fair Amana.

*Amana.* O detested flattery!  
 Offspring of meanness and ambition, fostered  
 In courts, luxuriant soil for every vice  
 To thrive and flourish in. Know I disdain  
 The Sultan and his greatness. If indeed,  
 Thou mean'st thy kind professions for my service,  
 O! give me back to a fond father's arms,  
 To a despairing husband's bleeding heart,  
 Or with thy poignard set my own at rest.

*Nardic.* Alas! bright maid, thy youth and inexperience  
 Have much deceived thee, and thou know'st not yet

The

The joys superior which attend on greatness.  
 Soon in the Caliph's arms thou wilt renounce  
 The mean plebeian whom thou now lamentest,  
 And thank our prophet for the blest exchange.  
 The highest transport to a female heart,  
 Shall too be thine; for thou wilt triumph o'er  
 Contending rivals for the prize of beauty.  
 A thousand fair ones shall obey thy will,  
 Who while they pine in envy at thy bliss,  
 Must still acknowledge thy superior charms.  
 I soon shall lead thee to true happiness,  
 And lodge thee safe in Osmin's fond embrace. [*exeunt Nard. and Cal.*]

*Amana.* Rather to instant death convey me straight!  
 What will my fate do with me? Oh, Nouradin!  
 Why did my soul receive its first, its tenderest,  
 Its only feelings, from thy worth! Why was  
 Thy generous love bestowed on such a wretch,  
 Lost and abandoned now to vile pollution!  
 No—it shall never be—tho' void of means  
 To free myself by force, my daring soul  
 Shall seek some horrid way—I know not what—  
 To rescue me from force, and prostitution.

*Enter OSMIN and NARDIC.*

*Nardic.* There stands the lovely fair, whom I described—  
 Now let thine eyes be judge.

*Osmin.* Retire a while.

[*exit Nardic.*]

Myauteous maid, bend not thy eyes thus mournful,  
 Upon the earth, but let them shine on Osmin.

*Amana.* O let the judge of nations hear my prayer! [*throws her-*  
 With eyes of pity, not desire, behold *self at his feet.*]

The



The unhappiest of her sex; unworthy far,  
 Or of his greatness, or his love: for oh!  
 Her aliened heart was wholly won, e'er she  
 Beheld the mighty Osmin, given away  
 By sacred contract, to a lovely youth;  
 And this day was to have solemnized our nuptials,  
 But for the treachery of a barbarous slave.  
 Then let not him for whom fond beauties sigh,  
 Retain the furtive prize of villainy;  
 But quick restore her to the virtuous ties  
 Of filial duty, and of wedded love.

*Osmin.* Arise—but be assured thou plead'st in vain—  
 The tenderness of thy complaint hath moved me,  
 But not to pity—Since thou can'st feel love,  
 Why not sustain its pleasing pains for me?  
 Thou art not formed of coarse plebeian mould,  
 Too delicate to fill a vassal's arms.  
 I would preserve thy passion in its force,  
 But thou must learn to change the happy object.  
 The task is easy, from my own experience,  
 For I have loved before—and now love thee.

*Amana.* As well might'st thou command sweet flowers to grow  
 On the tempestuous sea, as force true love  
 To change its object. 'Tis impossible!  
 From one strong stem, rooted in both our hearts,  
 Our passions bloomed at once, reciprocal:  
 Thy breath may blast the fruit, but ne'er thy hand  
 Reap the ripe harvest. Then, O mighty Sultan!  
 If ever thou dost hope to taste the joys  
 Of mutual love, O let my streaming eyes,

And

And lifted hands, procure my reconveyance.  
Or if thou enviest him this poor possession,  
Quick let my death destroy his hopes, with thine.

*Osmin.* Thou shalt not die, nor will I part with thee—  
But know the slave for whom thy fondness pleads,  
Shall bleed within thy sight, if in the space  
Of two revolving suns thou yieldest not  
To gratify my wish with soft compliance.  
'Tis thy own fault if henceforth thou art unhappy—  
By gentle means I chuse to win thy love;  
My utmost power thou may'st command, at will,  
Thy friends shall all be great; nay more, the slave,  
The very slave thou sigh'st for, will I serve:  
His life or death depends on thee—thou art,  
As well as mine, his destiny—Farewel. *[offers to go.]*

*Amana.* O! do not leave me! Thy relenting heart  
Speaks in thy eyes, and gives a dawn of hope.  
Thou wilt not murder Nouradin! Thou wilt not—  
I know thou wilt not. Say his life is safe,  
And bid me be at peace from wild distraction.

*Osmin.* I have already told thee my resolve,  
Nor am I used to trifle in my speech.  
My words are firm decrees; and since pronounced,  
That wretch's fate now rests on thee—Not me.

*Amana.* Then hear my resolution, fixed as thine—  
Tho' dearer to my heart is Nouradin,  
Than fight is to the blind, health to the sick,  
To prisoners liberty—O far, far dearer  
Than life, and all its joys, to his Amana—  
Yet will I part with him, survey the mutes

Fixing



Fixing the bow string round his neck, where I  
Should fold my grateful arms, to death devote him,  
Rather than wound his image in my heart,  
Or stain that mirror with a second object.

*Osmin.* Beware, and stop thy heedless tongue, lest I  
Revoke the clemency my grace hath proffered,  
And doom thy minion to an instant death.

*Amana.* Oh! I am silent, will not dare to speak,  
Even to intreat thy pity—O Nouradin!  
Thou can'st not know what I endure for thee.

[*aside.*]

*Osmin.* 'Tis well—restrain thy impetuous grief, and let  
The tedious interval I have indulged thee,  
Be well employed to brighten every charm,  
Which now obscured, and deadened by thy sorrow,  
Shew like Aurora when her infant beams  
Hold contest with the gloomy shades of night.  
And like the glorious ruler of the day,  
Let genial warmth dispel the fullen mist;  
Then in the full meridian of thy charms,  
With perfect beauty blest my longing arms.

[*exeunt severally.*]

*Enter NARDIC, CALED and HAMET.*

*Nardic.* Joy to thee Caled! May still prosperous days  
Attend thy life with full and long enjoyment.  
Our Sultan has accepted thy fair gift,  
And owns her equal to his fondest wish.  
Therefore with power in next degree to mine,  
I here invest thee Aga of the guards.  
Hamet in thy new office will instruct thee—  
He has resigned it to make way for Caled.

D

*Caled.*

*Caled.* Most mighty lord, Caled is bound to thee,  
 Thy future slave; for even those flattering honours  
 With which thou load'st him, hold inferior rank,  
 As second to the higher debt he owes thee  
 Who flaked his thirsty soul with sweet revenge.  
 But much I long to know how did Amana  
 Receive the overture of Osmin's flame?  
 True woman, I suppose, for such the sex,  
 One lover out of sight, with greedy ear  
 She listened to the second's soothing tale,  
 Forgot her vows, and sunk into his arms.

*Nardic.* Caled, thou'rt much deceived—her stubborn will  
 Yet bends not—She is indeed a woman—  
 Perverse and obstinate—pleads plighted love  
 To Nouradin, intreats to be restored  
 To his embrace, or begs that she may die.

*Caled.* How would her sighs delight my list'ning ear?  
 But then I fear lest thro' her sullen coyness,  
 The Sultan take disgust, and cast her from him.  
 Perhaps restore her to her husband's arms—  
 The thought has daggers in't.

*Nardic.* O fear not that—  
 He is too much enamoured of her charms,  
 To quit the fond pursuit: the power of beauty  
 Had never such effect upon his heart,  
 Since first I marked the movement of his passions.  
 Besides, his restive pride will scorn to yield,  
 And force is ready should persuasion fail.  
 He has allowed a respite of two days,  
 To abate her grief, and tune her soul to joy;

While,



While, as he knows his own unbridled will,  
 Which like a whirlwind bears down all before it,  
 He hath withdrawn himself from the ferrail,  
 To waste the tedious space in solitude,  
 At \* Sakara upon the bank of Nile;  
 Where I must now attend him, by command.  
 Thou Caled to thy charge repair, and know  
 That any who attempt to pass thy watch,  
 Within the palace wards, must die. Farewel.  
*Caled.* Adieu, and fear not Caled's strictest duty.

*[exeunt severally.]*

*Manet* HAMET.

*Hamet.* Oh! I am well repaid for thirty years  
 Of brave and faithful services, displaced  
 For a vile pandar. True indeed, I ne'er  
 Have ravished virgins from their bridegroom's arms,  
 To gratify his satyr's lust—I warred  
 With men, not maids; and oft in heat of battle  
 At peril of my own have saved his life.  
 But that is past—his kingdom is at peace,  
 He does not want me now; and like his armour,  
 I am left to rust, too cumbrous to be worn.

*Enter* ABDALLAH.

*Hamet.* Welcome, my antient, and approved friend,  
 Thou comest in proper time to lend me aid  
 And comfort with thy philosophic counsel.  
 Thou art the man on earth I wished to see—  
 Thy friendly tongue hath oft advised beware

\* The plain of the Mummies, near Kairo.

The dangerous shoals and rocks which frequent lurk  
Beneath the tide of royal favour—Now,  
Behold me stuck aground, shipwrecked indeed!

*Abdallah.* Thy adverse fate sincerely I lament,  
Thy well-proved merit claims this tribute grief.  
But oh! my friend, a nearer, higher sorrow  
Now fills up all my thoughts—A father's anguish  
For an only child! My lost Amana!

*Hamet.* Say, what of her? My dear, unhappy friend!  
Has the destroying angel torn her from thee,  
And veiled her beauties in the silent tomb?

*Abdallah.* Had fate demanded her, I were resigned—  
But oh! she still survives, a sacrifice  
To brutal force, unless thy generous aid  
Shall join to rescue her from vile pollution.

*Hamet.* By this good sword, which never yet hath failed me,  
In hottest battle, even by Hamet's life,  
Or what is dearer still, his unstained honour,  
I swear I will redeem the virtuous maid,  
Or failing, perish in the attempt.

*Abdallah.* Enough—  
But see the monster Caled nigh approaches—  
Let us retire, and plan the generous purpose.

*Hamet.* The die is cast—my life upon the hazard.

[*exeunt.*]

*Enter CALED, as they are going out.*

*Caled.* Amana's father, in discourse with Hamet!  
I like not that—perhaps they plot my ruin.  
I stand on slippery ground. My elevation  
Was too precipitate; and like the pine,

Whose



Whose hastened growth outstrips its slender girth,  
 Each blast alarms me, and I shrink my head.  
 Old Hamet's well earned post, and long worn honours,  
 He hath resigned with silence and submission,  
 Unlike a soldier conscious of his worth;  
 Therefore I doubt not deep within his heart  
 He will retain the sense of injury,  
 Which like an inward wound will rankle there,  
 'Till it break out and shew the putrefaction.  
 Tho' freed from bondage, yet a slave to fear,  
 That worst of tyrants, I am wretched still.  
 His steps I must attend with cautious eye,  
 Quickened by malice—For whom we have wronged,  
 'Tis natural to fear, and thence, to hate.

[*exit.*]SCENE, NOURADIN'S *apartment.**He lying on a couch.*

*Nouradin.* This feverish grief, and torturing expectation,  
 Drink up my blood, my bosom is on flame,  
 My nerves shrunk up, and I shall first expire  
 Before Abdallah comes to tell me—What?  
 What can he tell me! Save that my Amana  
 Is dead—or worse—a victim to dishonour!  
 His frigid age feels not a lover's pains,  
 Nor can the fondness of a thousand fathers,  
 In nature or degree, compare with mine.

*Enter ABDALLAH.*

*Abdallah.* Arise, my son, and let thy soul taste hope.

*Nouradin.* Thou dost not mock me sure, oh! quickly speak,

Say

Say does she live, and free from brutal stain?  
 Have thy blest eyes beheld the unfullied maid?  
 Oh! say may she again be mine! My wife?

*Abdallah.* I have not seen her, but I know she lives,  
 And dwells in innocence; and may, I hope,  
 Again be thine—The friend I told thee of,  
 Hath proved his worth, and with his utmost power,  
 Hath promised to assist the bold adventure,  
 Therefore prepare to quit this cursed land,  
 Where tyranny is law; and innocence  
 Can find no safety, but in hasty flight.  
 If we succeed in rescuing Amana,  
 My native country shall afford us refuge;  
 But if successful in the brave attempt,  
 Our solace be that we shall die in virtue.

*Nouradin.* Oh! I am all impatience for the tryal:  
 To live with her were happiness indeed!  
 But if my fate that blessing shall deny,  
 Death is its next best gift. Now speak the means.

*Abdallah.* Know then, the tyrant, whether thro' compassion,  
 Or still in hope to soothe her to compliance,  
 Hath granted her two days to wean her sorrow,  
 To conquer nature, and submit to fate;  
 During which interval he hath retired  
 To Sakara, whence like an epicure,  
 Fasting from beauty to increase appetite,  
 He, like an hungry glutton, may return,  
 And feast his quickened sense with fuller gust.

*Nouradin.* O! may the grasp of death first seize his heart,  
 And cast him forth a prey to ravening vultures!

*Abdallah.*



*Abdallab.* To disappoint his vicious purpose, know,  
 My antient friend, the kind, the generous Hamet,  
 Late captain of his guard, now subaltern  
 To impious Caled, from a twofold reason,  
 Impelled by friendship's ties, and just disdain,  
 On being thus disgraced to pay the hire  
 Of hellish deeds, of rape and treachery,  
 Will introduce thee in the Sultan's robes,  
 His yearly perquisite, at dusk of even,  
 To the seraglio, to Amana's ward;  
 From whence, by means which Hamet shall direct,  
 Thou may'st descend into the garden, where  
 I shall be stationed to receive my children,  
 And thro' a private portal straight convey  
 A treasure richer than the crown of Egypt.  
 From thence to happy England let's repair,  
 That land of liberty, and wealth, and valour.

*Nouradin.* Whether indeed thou rav'st of that blest clime,  
 In meer Eutopian dream, I cannot say,  
 But this I dare pronounce, that with Amana,  
 A desert would supply that heaven on earth,  
 My paradise below, is love and virtue.

*Abdallab.* Within this hour Hamet will doubtless bring  
 The safe disguise, by him thou must be led.  
 But oh! when thou beholdest thy Amana,  
 Beware, my son, of dalliance, suffer not  
 A lover's fondness disappoint his wishes:  
 Lose not the important moment, but remember  
 Each instant's precious to thy life, and her's.

*Nouradin.* Oh! that the hour were come! fear not, Abdallah.

If

If Nouradin's fond arms once more enfold her,  
Again behold that face, that form divine,  
No power on earth shall ever force her from me,  
And leave me life to plain, as I do now.

*Abdallah.* Alas, my son, I doubt not of thy prowess,  
It is thy fondness which I fear; that weakness,  
Which only brave men know; and while it sinks  
Their spirit as a vain presumptuous man,  
Exalts it to the softness of a seraph.

*Nouradin.* Were but my life, my happiness, at stake,  
Well might'st thou doubt the weakness of my virtue,  
Against Amana's charms—But where her safety  
Becomes the question, I can turn a stoic;  
Scarcely indulge my ravished eyes to gaze,  
Or raptured hand to feast upon her touch,  
'Till I restore her to her father's arms,

*Abdallah.* O! may the blessings of a mutual love,  
Light on you both: let me but see you safe  
Beyond the tyrant's lust, or violence,  
And all the business of my life is o'er.

[*exeat.*]

### SCENE, *the seraglio.*

*Enter AMANA and FATIMA.*

*Amana.* Unhappy fair! I pity thy sad fate,  
Tho' quite unlike my own. I never thought  
The chaste, the tender love that women feel,  
Could e'er be won by outward form of man.  
Beauty's our own peculiar character,  
Their's, sense and learning, bravery and honour:  
Desire and admiration are their rôle;  
Esteem, submission, gratitude are ours.

*Fatima.*



*Fatima.* Sure in some northern climate thou wert born,  
 Where Cupid, as the poets represent him,  
 Is but a child indeed—A playful god—  
 His darts unvenomed, and unnerved his arm.  
 Not so he took possession of my heart;  
 But shot himself, with his whole train of ills,  
 Into my glowing breast: thou happy fair,  
 Wert formed to inspire the passion in its rage,  
 Thy heart insensible to all its pangs.

*Amana.* Alas! thou art deceived: Amana's heart  
 Feels all the fond solitudes of love:  
 But then it was thy chaste, thy generous passion,  
 Unhappy Nouradin! that lighted up  
 The flame in my cold bosom, which with life  
 Alone shall be extinguished.

*Fatima.* Hapless maid!  
 Here I return thy pity twenty fold—  
 Alas, thou art more wretched than myself—  
 I have but one concern—with mutual warmth  
 To inspire the Sultan's breast—while doubly vexed,  
 Thou hast a love debarred, and one to shun.  
 The Caliph's fate and mine exact the same;  
 Pursuing, fled from, meeting hate for love.

*Amana.* Curst be his passion, curst his vicious love,  
 And doubly curst the hour he saw Amana!  
 Oh! that deformity would spread its veil  
 Over these few but ill-starred charms! To avoid  
 His brutal passion I would e'en forego  
 The chaste, the tender love of Nouradin;  
 Or trust to constancy to insure his faith.

E

Or

Or that the sudden hand of death would seize  
My captive limbs, and rescue my free soul  
From the more dreaded tyrant. Some way yet,  
I will escape—Despair point out the means!

*Fatima.* If thou indeed hate Osmin more than death;  
And art yet unprovided of the means  
To shun his loathed embrace, I may, perhaps,  
Assist thy frenzy; but, unhappy fair one,  
Weigh well the desperate deed; for once begun,  
It were too late to save thee from thy folly.  
Thou might'st indeed rob Fatima of life,  
But nought of mortal aid could rescue thine.

*Amana.* O! do not judge so poorly of Amana,  
To think that she could ever be induced  
To wrong her kind deliverer—Here I vow,  
No rack shall wrest the secret from my lips,  
Which with their latest breath shall bless thy service.

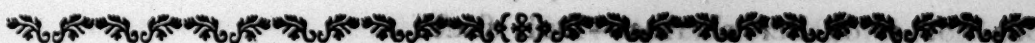
*Fatima.* My mother was well skilled in nature's lore;  
And this small vial dying she bequeathed me,  
Saying, that should this world of teeming ills,  
E'er load my life with woes too strong for sufferance,  
I need but quaff this draught, and ready death  
Within an hour would swallow up my pains—  
Accept it then, for wretched as I am,  
Even lost to hope, I dare not wish to die.

*Amana.* With gratitude sincere I thank thee for it—  
Welcome thou anodyne of human cares!  
I'll place thee near my heart; for oh! 'tis thou,  
And thou alone, I fear, can'st give it rest.  
Now, hated Osmin, I defy thy vice,



In spite of thee I shall escape dishonour.  
 Wafted on air my unstained soul shall fly,  
 And seek its native mansion in the sky;  
 A bower of bliss for Nouradin prepare,  
 And deck it with the choicest garlands there;  
 Await his coming for a little space,  
 Then live for ever in his chaste embrace.

*End of the Third Act.*



## ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Gothic building, representing the  
 palace of Sakara.*

*Enter OSMIN and NARDIC.*

*Osmin.* **H**OW poor is greatness, and how weak is power!  
 When a fond girl shall dare resist my will,  
 And yield that love which I in vain solicit,  
 To a plebeian, to an abject slave,  
 Low as the groveling worm on which I tread,  
 Compared to Osmin's wealth, his rank, his birth.  
 My word may render that mean wretch unhappy,  
 But cannot make me blest—Even in my arms  
 The adverse fair will sigh for Nouradin,  
 And curse the tyrant for the unwilling joy.

*Nardic.* And what avail her curses, while her charms  
 Shall gratify my sovereign's fond desire,  
 And feast his every sense?

*Osm.* Away—away—

I am surfeited of sense, want higher gust,  
Which love reciprocal alone can yield.

Oh! must I never taste the fond embrace  
Of mutual love? The ardour ne'er behold  
Of unfeigned passion, modesty alone,  
That brightest ornament of female beauty,  
Restraining its excess? Must I ne'er see  
The half denying, half consenting glance  
Steal from Amana's eye? I may possess,  
But not enjoy her charms—Dull feast!

To gorge a clove-foot satyr's appetite!

O! that I could transform my outward semblance,  
And take the shape and garb of Nouradin!  
Then might I feel the true extatic joy  
Of being pressed with transport to the heart  
Of this too lovely, but capricious fair.  
The very thought inspires an half enjoyment.

*Nardic.* Then why not practise the deceit, my liege?

I have seen this Nouradin, when late he came

To sue a licence out for Mecca's shrine,

Whither his filial piety and duty

Inclined him to perform a pilgrimage,

In zeal and honour of his father's shade.

He seemed a comely youth; in face and person

Resembling much my prince. The least disguise,

In the dun shades of night, might gratify

My sovereign's present wish: thy fond embrace

Would fill her arms as well as Nouradin.

'Twill make her happy during the delusion,

And



And save a world of virgin coyness : then,  
 If she be woman, she'll forgive the cheat,  
 And bless the artifice that saved her shame.

*Osmin.* Haste then—supply me with a merchant's garb,  
 This night I'll play Amphytrion ; absolved  
 By gods who smile at the fond frauds of love.  
 I'll enter the seraglio, steal into  
 The fighting fair one's ward, disguise my voice,  
 And whisper in her ear, " 'Tis Nouradin,  
 " Thy love, thy husband ! Quick let us enjoy  
 " Those transports which the sacred priest this morn,  
 " Hath sanctified by Hymen's virtuous bands.  
 " Thus, thus, w'ell disappoint the tyrant's hope."  
 O the transcending joy I then shall feel,  
 When full possessing all she can bestow,  
 I let her know 'tis *Osmin* she has blessed,  
 And like another Jove confound her sense  
 With my full blaze of glory.

*Nardic.* I am charmed  
 At this fair scene which opens to thy view,  
 Such happy thefts exceed those dull enjoyments  
 Which willing beauty yields. This key conveys  
 My royal master thro' the palace gates,  
 Unseen by all his guards. Within an hour,  
 I will provide a dress to suit the intent,  
 Exact the same that bridegrooms wear, for such  
 We must suppose was Nouradin's this morn,  
 When habited in form to espouse the fair.  
 And may success attend my sovereign's will,  
 Equal to his and *Nardic's* mutual wish.

[*exit.*

*Osmin.* Cold and inanimate thou talk'st of wishes,

Who

Who neither know't the pride of king's disdained,  
Nor the indignance of a thwarted passion—  
O! could I, like another Phaeton,  
But guide the Sun's bright chariot, for a day,  
I'd plunge the world in deep and sudden darkness,  
Nor ask for light but from Amana's eyes.  
Like him too, once to obtain my soul's ambition,  
I'd hazard mine, and this whole globe's existence;  
For I in truth, could never yet believe  
Our lying Imans, or their flattering prophet:  
All that I know of bliss, I will enjoy,  
And leave the rest to chance, or destiny. [exit.

SCENE, NOURADIN'S House.

*Enter NOURADIN in the Sultan's Robes, with HAMET and ABDALLAH.*

*Hamet.* My friends, I have risked my life to aid your cause,  
And much I fear, but more I hope the event;  
These robes of royalty sit easy on thee,  
And as thou bearest a likeness to the Sultan,  
The guards will ne'er suspect the masquerade—  
But should the least suspicion chance to arise  
In any of the watch, deep plunge this dagger  
In his heart, and speed thy course in silence.

*Nouradin.* If there be such a deity as love,  
He will protect and guide me to Amana;  
For sure a fonder votary ne'er bowed  
Before his altar in the Cyprian isle.  
Night too will be my friend; accustomed still  
To smile on lovers, she will not refuse

Her



Her aid to Nouradin. My beating heart  
Bounds with prophetic rapture ! I shall yet  
Retrieve the angelic maid from foul offence,  
And make her future life one scene of bliss.

*Abdallah.* I would not wish to damp thy virtuous hope;  
But much I dread there is an heavy cloud  
Hangs o'er our heads, to shower down evils on us.  
My cursed apostasy hath brought this ruin  
On my ill-fated house, and my Amana,  
With you my son, tho' innocent, may suffer  
For my impiety—So heaven decrees !

*Nouradin.* What means Abdallah ?

*Abdallah.* In the distracted moment when my child  
Was deemed a sacrifice to brutal lust,  
And torn from thy despairing arms, and mine,  
I told thee of my country and religion ;  
And oh ! I told thee—

*Nouradin.* I do remember something like a dream ;  
While on the ground in agony I lay,  
You talked methought, in wild phantastic vision,  
Of lands of freedom, of a purer faith,  
And judgments visited for sins derived.

*Abdallah.* To thee, my son, I might appear to rave, /  
Born as thou art beneath a tyrant's yoke,  
And early taught to bend thy passive neck  
To arbitrary sway. The mountain goddess  
Hath never deigned to mark her footsteps here ;  
Nor yet hath heaven its saving grace extended  
To lands of despotism, and gross imposture.  
But what I tremble for is, lest the charms

Of my Amestris, opening in their prime  
In my Amana, may perhaps induce  
The curse of disobedience to our law.

*Hamet.* Let not thy timorous faith forebode such ills,  
Nor sink the spirit of our bold emprise.  
For thee or me, the muddy dregs of life,  
Are scarcely worth the draught. A nauseous potion!  
Therefore, without repining at the past,  
With calmness let us wait the pregnant future,  
And whether death or freedom be our lot,  
Let us receive the alternative like men.

*Abdallah.* My friends, I fear not for myself, my life  
Hath filled its years; and like a full fed guest,  
I'd gladly quit the banquet, and depend  
On penitence sincere for future bliss.  
But oh! I dread lest those, much dearer to me,  
Than all the joys of earth combined, may starve,  
Like dowerless children of a spendthrift father,  
For my extravagance and luxury.

*Nouradin.* Forbear these sad reflections—If high heaven,  
Whose justice with the tenderest mercy tempered,  
Presides o'er all its works, if it regard  
The ways of man, its justice will pronounce  
Amana mine, and in its goodness will  
Restore her to my fond and faithful arms.

*Hamet.* Prophetic be thy hope—This silver key,  
The last remaining badge of Hamet's greatness,  
None but the mighty Nardic hath another,  
And he most luckily attends the Sultan,  
Will open every gate within the palace.

Beneath



Beneath the garden wall we'll wait for thee—  
 If thou escapest we shall be free, if not,  
 This dagger shall release my bonds—Farewel.

[*exit.*]

*Nouradin.* The fervent blessings of a grateful heart,  
 Raised from the depth of sorrow into joy,  
 Dwell ever round thee, and protect thy age. [*looking after him.*  
 But why that heavy gloom upon thy brow,  
 Ill-boding to our hopes, as low'ring clouds  
 In days of harvest, to the rural swain? [*to Abdallah.*

*Abdallah.* From threescore years of tedious disappointment,  
 I have been taught that hope is the true curse  
 Of Tantalus; and when the flattering draught  
 Seems just to touch our lips, some sullen sprite  
 Dashes the stream aside, and makes us feel  
 Our griefs increased, by bordering on joy.  
 Therefore I bid thy inexperience fear.

*Nouradin.* Thy philosophic lore I'll strive to learn,  
 When my tumultuous passions are at peace;  
 Then only can it rule the human heart:  
 The rudder's useless in a storm, must yield  
 To raging billows, and resistless winds,  
 Whilst the scared pilot stands in mute despair.  
 But to our holy prophet here I kneel,  
 To bless my little bark with prosperous gales—  
 Let but Amana be the precious freight,  
 No other treasure shall I wish on board,  
 Or care what course we steer—Possessed of her,  
 All climes, all nations are the same to me.  
 Where-e'er she smiles a paradise will bloom,  
 And every withered herb breathe rich perfume;

F

Fruits

Fruits will spontaneous grow beneath her eyes,  
And flowers to deck her bed will gladly rise. [exunt.]

SCENE, *the Garden of the Seraglio.*

*Enter AMANA and FATIMA.*

*Amana.* My spirits are attuned to peace and harmony,  
And now with tenderest pity I bemoan  
Thy ill-placed love—Surely I think there is  
A curse attends that passion in our sex,  
And she alone is blest whose equal pulse  
Beats undisturbed, in senseless apathy.

*Fatima.* O! say not so—It is the balm of life,  
And even its pains delightful—What must then,  
Its pleasures be! But those, alas! I fear,  
I ne'er again shall know.

*Amana.* Do not despair—  
When the first tumults of the Caliph's rage,  
For my escape, are past, then may'st thou hope,  
By arts of soothing tenderness, once more  
To steal into his heart, and win his love.  
By soft indulgence to his present passion,  
Thou may'st revive the former in his breast,  
And thus regain the empire thou hast lost.  
She who would please proud man, must not disdain  
The lowest methods to attain her purpose:  
Humility's the garb in which their sex  
The most delight to see us dressed—By this,  
Their vain superiority is shewn,  
And our dependent state upon their wills.

*Fatima.*



*Fatima.* Thy calm expressions raise my utmost wonder!  
Thou can'st not surely, mean to die e'er long,  
Yet talk with such reflection and composure!

*Amana.* My soul is fixed, and therefore am I calm.  
Did hope or fear perplex this constant breast,  
The strong emotions could not be concealed.  
What can I hope, from lust and tyranny?  
Or what have I to fear, who in that hour  
When I was forced from my fond husband's arms,  
Lost the last glimpse of happiness below!  
For thee alone, my generous Nouradin,  
And my unhappy father, do I feel.  
O! Fatima, this thought hath roused sensations,  
Which I could wish had slept—I am, alas!  
I feel it now, a weak, a very woman!

*Fatima.* Unhappy fair! thou speak'st too modestly—  
No Greek or Roman ever yet recorded,  
Hath shewn less fear, or more contempt of death.  
If in the hour of trial, thy firm soul  
Support thee thus, thou art a prodigy!

*Amana.* It will not then forsake me. I am armed  
With innocence; and none but guilty souls  
Should fear, or hesitate at death's approach.  
My father will rejoice at my escape;  
And even thy grief, my faithful Nouradin,  
Will soften into tenderness and peace,  
By knowing I am happy—My loved shade  
Thou wilt invoke, thy guardian seraph then!  
Whilst I with joy still hovering o'er thy head,  
Shall guide thy footsteps in the paths of bliss.

*Fatima.* Amazing fortitude ! Sure angels prompt,  
And will reward thy virtue. But behold,  
The setting sun hath warned us to retire—  
Soft rest, and pleasing visions bless thy slumbers.

*Amana.* Adieu, my friend, may every happiness  
Thou prayest for me, await thee in return ;  
May Osmin, since it is thy wish, restore  
That aliened heart which thou hast bought so dear. [*exit Fatima.*  
My senses are oppressed—Within this bower  
I will indulge their bent—Spirits benign !  
Who rule o'er dusk and dawn, watch and protect me  
From all the dangers of the fullen night—  
And O ! if virgin thoughts as pure as snow,  
May hope for favour from ye, send a dream  
Of Nouradin, my lost, my hapless lord !  
Let him be present to my sleeping eyes,  
Whom waking I shall never more behold,  
Or in these faithful arms again enfold ;  
In gentlest whispers let him breathe his love,  
Then fighting leave me like the widowed dove.

*End of the Fourth Act.*

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## A C T V.

SCENE *before the Palace.*

*Enter the SULTAN disguised.*

*Osmin.* I Have safely passed thro' all the several gates,  
And windings of these spacious courts, and trod

In.



In paths I never traced before—This door  
 Leads into the ferrail, and brings me near  
 The summit of my joy—Why do I not  
 Anticipate my bliss, feel all o'er rapture?  
 No—I despise myself for such mean arts,  
 To put on this disguise, and counterfeit  
 A vassal's semblance thus, to gain—a Woman!  
 Curse on the vulgar passion that enslaves us,  
 Which ever is at war with reason's laws,  
 And so fortuitous, we scarcely find  
 Two hearts united in one mutual flame,  
 While adverse loves still jostle one another.  
 Oh! 'tis the plague of man—and woman too.  
 But what are they? The very sport of nature;  
 Formed solely for our use, like the fair flower  
 That blooms but to be cropt, then cast away.  
 Now let me haste to rifle its perfume,  
 Then loath the withering stalk. [*opens the door, out of which Caledi*  
 Ha! what art thou! *rushes and draws his sword.*

*Caled.* Beyond my wish, beyond my utmost hope,  
 This lucky incident hath intervened—  
 I thank thee, gracious Alha! thou poor wretch,  
 As thou hast raised, art bent to fix my fortunes.  
 Thy head shall shower down honours upon mine.  
 This instant I'll convey it to the Sultan,  
 Who highly will reward me for the prize.

*Osmin.* What means the frantic slave? Avaunt, and know  
 Thy Sultan stands before thee—Quick retire,  
 Or instant death shall quit thy insolence.

*Caled.* Think'st thou thy ravings can affect my brain?

The

The shades of night are not so far advanced,  
 But I can spy the hero Nouradin,  
 Who for a girl's caprice, so bravely struck  
 His late dependant, his superior now.  
 The conference 'twixt Hamet and Abdallah,  
 I guessed might be for some such hopeful purpose,  
 And therefore, quite beyond my line of duty,  
 I have attended to this pass; and now  
 Shall make thy bridal robes thy funeral weeds.  
 Resistance all is vain, therefore submit.

*Osmin.* Thus then I recompence thy officious duty. [*they fight,*  
*are both wounded, and fall.*]

*Caled.* Thou hast reached my heart, but well I think my sword  
 Hath met with thine—Thou shalt not triumph long,  
 Nor reap the fruits of thy rebellion—Oh! [*dies.*]

*Osmin.* Too sure his weapon has been busy here—  
 My heart impatient of the least controul,  
 Full of indignant rage opposed its point,  
 And now I bleed to death. Oh! the disgrace,  
 The shame that will attend my memory,  
 When I am found disguised, and by a slave  
 O'erpowered, in mean attempt to win a vassal!  
 This—this wounds deeper than the fatal steel.  
 Curse on the wayward sex—Curse my tame folly—  
 And oh! Curse — [*dies.*]

SCENE, *An Apartment in the Seraglio.*

*Enter NOURADIN, in the Sultan's Robes.*

*Nouradin.* To that blest providence which hitherto  
 Hath led my unerring steps thro' all the turns

And



And mazes of this palace, I with awe  
 And reverential gratitude, here bend.  
 O! power benign! continue thy protection,  
 And grant the arduous enterprize success.  
 Unless my speech betray me, the deep gloom,  
 Which now involves the world, will safe conceal  
 The honest fraud. Hamet desired me strike  
 Thus on the floor, when I would be attended. *[he stamps, and enter  
 a female attendant.]*

Go bring Amana to my presence straight,  
 And upon pain of death, let none else enter. *[exit attendant.]*  
 To gain this mighty realm I'd not endure,  
 But for another day, the strong emotions  
 Of hope and fear, which agitate my mind.  
 But 'tis an higher prize than wealth or power,  
 That stirs up my ambition—'Tis Amana,  
 Whose love rewards my hazard and my pains.  
 I had forgot that Hamet bid me enter  
 The close pavilion at this gallery's end;  
 Where Osmin still employs his vacant hours,  
 In amorous dalliance with the alternate fair;  
 And whither none uncalled, dare come. 'Tis here—  
*[going to the side of the stage.]*

I cannot calm my spirits—My full heart  
 Beats at my breast, as if to force a passage  
 To my beloved, my betrothed Amana—  
 An universal tremor shakes my frame!  
 Sure 'tis the approaching joy of seeing her,  
 That makes this tumult here. I must, I will  
 Indulge my flattered soul in the fond triumph  
 Of seeing her disdainful hate of Osmin,

Quick

Quick change to tenderest love for Nouradin.

Would this important hour were past—

I will retire, and wait the wished event.

*[enters the pavilion.]*

SCENE *draws, and discovers Amana in a Bower, rising from a Couch. The Attendant waiting.*

*Amana.* Why did you wake me from the sweetest sleep  
I ever yet enjoyed? My Nouradin  
Soft called Amana, bid me rise and walk;  
Straight I obeyed, and on he led my steps  
To the Elysian fields; or if there be  
A place more beautiful, 'twas there—While he  
With converse fond, but chaste, engaged my ear,  
And sighed out vows of never ceasing love.  
He promised too, that we should part no more,  
But smile at tyranny, and death, defie.  
Oh! 'twas a dear delusion!

*Attendant.* 'Twas no more—  
The Sultan has this moment summoned you  
To attend his pleasure in the close pavilion;  
Else I had not disturbed your happy slumber.

*Amana.* The Sultan, said you? What! is he returned!  
Did he not promise me a poor two days,  
And is this pittance now curtailed to half?  
But what's a day, a week, a year, to me,  
Whose fate's already fixed, and soul resolved!  
Then why should I resent this breach of faith,  
Or start at hastening from the griefs I feel,  
And speeding to the land of peace and rest?  
Retire a while, I shall obey the Sultan.

*[Attendant retires to the back of the scene.]*



Now, now, Amana, summon all thy courage—  
 What means this chilling damp that clings around me!  
 Why do I tremble thus! my tottering limbs  
 Why should they now refuse their wonted aid!  
 A little longer, and I shall not want it;  
 But pale and cold stretched on my parent earth,  
 No longer be a burthen to myself.  
 Can love of life have power o'er the unhappy!  
 Or shall a wretch who languishes in prison,  
 Refuse to be set free? The instinctive voice  
 Perhaps of nature, pleads too strongly here,  
 And silences the stiller pleas of virtue.  
 But cannot love inspire my timid sex?  
 Shall I be led a willing sacrifice  
 To gratify a mean and gross desire!  
 O never! Death has lost its terrors now.  
 This cordial draught shall lead me to his arms,  
 To peace and Nouradin— [*drinks.*] 'Tis done, and now,  
 Fear, hope, and every passion of the soul,  
 Are all extinct, but love—That still remains,  
 And in my latest moments will prevail  
 In prayers and blessings on my Nouradin.  
 What strengthening power hath braced my sinews thus?  
 'Tis love, 'tis hope, 'tis immortality!  
 Lavinia come—Attend me to the Sultan.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Pavilion. The Stage darkened.*

NOURADIN *alone.*

*Enter AMANA, and Attendant, the latter retires.*

*Nouradin.* Approach, my fair, nor longer now delay  
 Thy suppliant monarch's bliss, whose fond impatience

G

Hath

Hath urged him to infringe his royal word,  
 And make a sacrifice to love, transcending far  
 What he requests from thee. Reduce him not  
 To win by force, what he would owe to favour—  
 Believe me the rich bounties of thy love,  
 Shall not be spent on my sole luxury,  
 But treasured in my heart, to be repaid  
 With grateful use, to purchase joys for thee.

*Amana.* Banish those vicious hopes, and know that I  
 Nor dread thy power, nor supplicate thy pity.  
 Thou see'st no more the weeping, trembling maid,  
 Who late implored thy grace—But one who comes  
 To dare thy rage, and prove its impotence.

*Nouradin.* Whence comes this boast? What means the frantic fair?

*Amana.* She means to pour out her whole soul before thee,  
 Its love, its hate, without disguise or fear;  
 To curse thee tyrant from her wounded heart,  
 And breathe forth fervent wishes for thy rival.  
 May every joy of which thou hast deprived him,  
 Be doubled tenfold by all gracious heaven;  
 May long and happy days attend him here,  
 And may we meet again in that blest place,  
 Where tyrants ne'er can come, to part us more.

*Nouradin.* Thy prayers are prophecies, my virtuous bride!  
 Behold thy fondest wishes are fulfilled,  
 And underneath this hated garb thou see'st  
 The happy Nouradin! O! let me press  
 Thy constant heart close to his faithful breast.

*Amana.* Oh!

[ *shrieks, and faints.*

*Nouradin.* She faints! the strong surprize hath overpowered

Her



Her delicate and agitated frame—

Awake, my love—My soul's immortal joy

Revive, and bless me with a look, a word!

*Amana.* Oh Nouradin! fly, fly this hated place—

*Nouradin.* Come let me bear thee in these longing arms,  
Convey thee quick from out these cursed walls,  
And give thee back to love and liberty.

*Amana.* Alas! my bounds are set! I ne'er shall quit  
This fatal spot, 'till soul and body part.

*Nouradin.* Dost thou indeed refuse to go with me!  
Has bondage then such charms, or has thy tongue  
Belied thy heart in feigning generous love,  
To enhance thy sacrifice to princely grandeur?

*Amana.* O! cease to wound me by unkind suspicion!  
My heart is wholly thine—The last sad drops  
It e'er shall weep, will be fond tears for thee.

*Nouradin.* Why then, thou angel maid, wilt thou provoke  
Our adverse fate, by this ill-timed delay?

*Amana.* Alas! I fear to tell what must be known,  
For now ten thousand fires rage in my bosom,  
Oh Nouradin!

*Nouradin.* I am on the rack! what mean these strong convulsions!  
Speak quickly, my heart's love—I am all distraction.

*Amana.* That pang is past; and if my strength will hold,  
I'll tell thee the sad tale of woe.

*Nouradin.* O stay!  
Whilst thou hast ease let me convey thee hence.

*Amana.* Alas, my love! it is impossible.  
Death riots in my veins.

*Nouradin.* Death! Said you death!

*Amana.* Too sure he has possession of my heart,  
Thy only rival there! O Nouradin!  
He grasps me hard, wilt thou not struggle with him!

*Nouradin.* I would contend with the united world,  
To save my more than life. But say, O! say,  
How camest thou thus! I press, yet dread to know.

*Amana.* When torn from thee, and my unhappy father,  
And led a captive to the foul ferrail,  
I firm resolved to die e'er flames impure  
Should blast this shrine, hallowed to love, and thee.  
A rival sultaness approved my vow,  
And whether moved by jealousy or pity,  
Supplied the deadly draught which late I drank,  
When summoned to attend the tyrant's will,  
In this lewd scene of infamy and vice.  
Now, now, I feel its baneful influence  
Too strong for mortal powers—

*Nouradin.* O holy prophet!  
Exchange my life for her's!

*Amana.* O Nouradin!  
Forgive this fatal rashness—Had I staid  
A few short moments, we had now been blest;  
But wresting from the hand of providence  
The means of my escape, we both are wretched.  
But love and virtue called, and here resigned,  
I fall a sacrifice to heaven, and thee—  
Oh!

[dies.]

*Nouradin.* Speak on, tho' every word thy lips may utter,  
Be daggers here—Yet O! Speak on, and live!  
And art thou silent then! Shall I ne'er hear  
Thy tender, tuneful voice once more! Nay then,

No



No other mournful tale shall ever vex  
 My wounded ear, or grieve my tortured breast.  
 Thus, from all future anguish am I free!  
 My life, my soul shall follow my Amana. [*Stabs himself, and dies.*]

*Enter NARDIC, and FATIMA, with Lights.*

*HAMET and ABDALLAH, guarded.*

*Nardic.* The Sultan's slain—Secure those hoary traitors—  
 The rack shall force them to reveal their crimes—  
 What's here! Another Ofmin dead! and by him  
 The fair Amana!

*Abdallah.* O! my unhappy children!

*Hamet.* Then all is at an end—Now Nardic, know  
 I plotted not the Caliph's death; but fought  
 That maid's release; and in those royal robes  
 I gained admittance for that injured youth—  
 How heaven hath countermined our honest purpose,  
 I cannot say; but this I know, that I  
 Am ready to resign a life, which both  
 My years, and this world's base ingratitude,  
 Have now made stale, and absynth to my sense.

*Nardic.* Convey him to the dungeon, and the wheel.  
 Dost thou know aught of this sad tragedy? [*to Fatima.*]

*Fatima.* My strong remorse, alas! too plainly shews  
 I am in part, an actor in this scene;  
 Tho' wholly guiltless of the Sultan's death.  
 How far concerned in this catastrophe,  
 When the fierce passions which now tear my soul,  
 Will give me leave, I shall with truth relate.

*Abdallah.* O! turn your vengeance on this guilty wretch!

'Tis

'Tis I am the curst source of all these sorrows—  
 My darling child that now lies dead before you,  
 Was sacrificed by me—Curse on this head,  
 And these grey hairs, which have involved you both,  
 In guilt like mine. *[kneeling over the dead bodies.]*

*Nardic.* Thy wretchedness, old man,  
 Hath turned thy brain—How could thy feeble arm  
 Have power to bring these dread events to pass?

*Abdallah.* Not mine indeed, but heaven's avenging hand  
 Hath struck this heavy blow—The Sultan's vice  
 Hath earned his fate—For tyranny should bleed!  
 But these unhappy innocents were doomed  
 For my foul crimes, my vile apostasy;  
 For quitting heaven, and native liberty—  
 Let those who dwell in Albion's happy land,  
 Grateful acknowledge heaven's most bounteous hand:  
 Its choicest boon in freedom is bestowed,  
 And their best praise to its protector owed;  
 Who not in Britain's cause alone sustains  
 The toils of council, and of hostile plains:  
 The world's great champion, born for all mankind,  
 In whom the oppressed a certain refuge find:  
 Whose sword, but like the lancet, wounds to heal,  
 Where moral lenitives can nought avail;  
 Whose olive bearing laurel peace restores,  
 And calms the discord of contending powers.

F I N I S.